Appendix 2
Douglas Adams's Original Treatment

Doctor Who – The Krikkitmen

Cricket at Lord's – the last day of the final Test, England need just a few more runs to beat Australia.

The Tardis lands in the Members' Enclosure: very bad form. The members are only slightly mollified when the Doctor emerges (with Jane) wearing a hastily donned tie and waving a very old membership card.

Three runs still needed. The batsman hits a six and the crowd goes wild. In the middle of the pitch the Ashes are presented to the England captain. The Doctor causes a sensation by strolling over and asking if he could possibly take them as they are rather important for the future of the Galaxy.

Confusion reigns, along with bewilderment, indignation, and all the other things the English are so good at. Then, whilst the Doctor is discussing the matter quite pleasantly with one or two red-faced blustering gentlemen, something far more extraordinary happens:

A small Cricket Pavilion materialises on the centre of the pitch. Its doors open and eleven automata, all apparently wearing cricket whites, caps, pads and carrying cricket bats, file out onto the pitch. Bewilderment turns to horror as these automata, moving as a tightly drilled and emotionless team club those in their immediate vicinity with their bats, seize the urn containing the Ashes and file back towards their Pavilion.

Before they depart, two of them use their bats as beam projectors to fire a few warning shots of stunray into the crowd. Another tosses what appears to be a red ball into the air, and with a devastating hook smacks it straight into a Tea Tent which promptly explodes.

The door of the Pavilion closes behind them and it vanishes again.

After a few seconds of stunned shock the Doctor struggles back to his feet.

‘My God,’ he breathes. ‘So they’ve come back.’

‘But it’s preposterous … absurd!’ people exclaim.

‘It is neither,’ pronounces the Doctor. ‘It is the single most frightening thing I have seen in my entire existence. Oh, I’ve heard of the Krikkitmen, I used to be frightened with stories of them when I was a child. But till now I’ve never seen them. They were supposed to have been destroyed over two million years ago.’

‘But why,’ people demand, ‘were they dressed as a cricket team? It’s ridiculous!’

The Doctor brusquely explains that the English game of Cricket derives from one of those curious freaks of racial memory which can keep images alive in the mind aeons after their true significance has been lost in the mists of time.

Of all the races in the Galaxy only the English could possibly revive the memory of the most horrific star wars that ever sundered the universe and transform it into what is generally regarded as an incomprehensibly dull and pointless game. It is for that reason that the Earth has always been regarded slightly askance by the rest of the Galaxy – it has inadvertently been guilty of the most grotesquely bad taste.

The Doctor smiles again for a moment and says that he did enjoy the match, and could he possibly take the ball as a souvenir?

The Doctor and Jane leave in the Tardis.

During the next couple of scenes we learn some of the background history of the Krikkitmen from the Doctor’s explanation to Jane and his arguments with the Time Lords. If it can be done partly using flashback and archive recordings from Gallifrey then so much the better.

BRIEF HISTORY OF KRIKKIT

The Planet of Krikkit lies in an isolated position on the very outskirts of the Galaxy.

Its isolation is increased by the fact that it is obscured from the rest of the Galaxy by a large opaque Dust Cloud.

For millions of years it developed a sophisticated scientific culture in all fields except that of astronomy of which it, understandably, had virtually no

knowledge.

In all their history it never once occurred to the people of Krikkit that they were not totally alone. Therefore the day that the wreckage of a spacecraft floated through the Dust Cloud and into their vicinity was one of such extreme shock as to totally traumatise the whole race.

It was as if a biological trigger had been tripped. From out of nowhere the most primitive form of racial consciousness had hit them like a hammer blow. Overnight they were transformed from intelligent, sophisticated, charming, normal people into intelligent, sophisticated, charming manic xenophobes.

Quietly, implacably, the people of Krikkit aligned themselves to their new purpose – the simple and absolute annihilation of all alien life forms.

For a thousand years they worked with almost miraculous speed. They researched, perfected and built the technology to wage vast interstellar war.

They mastered the technique of instantaneous travel in space.

And they built the Krikkitmen.

The Krikkitmen were anthropomorphic automata. They wore white uniforms, peaked skull helmets which housed scything laser beams, carried bat-shaped weapons which combined the functions of devastating ray guns and hand-to-hand clubs. The lower half of their legs were in [fact] ribbed rocket engines which enabled them to fly.

By an ingenious piece of systems economy they were enabled to launch grenades with phenomenal accuracy and power simply by striking them with their bats.

These grenades, which were small, red and spherical, and varied between minor incendiaries and nuclear devices, were detonated by impact – once their fuses had been primed by being struck by a bat.

Finally all preparations were complete, and with no warning at all the forces of Krikkit launched a massive blitz attack on all the major centres of the Galaxy simultaneously.

The Galaxy reeled.

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At this time the Galaxy was enjoying a period of great harmony and prosperity. This was often represented by the symbol of the Wicket Gate – three long vertical rods supporting two short horizontal ones. The left upright, of STEEL, represented strength and power; the right upright, of

PERSPEX, represented science and reason; the centre upright, WOOD, represented nature and spirituality; between them the GOLD bail of prosperity and the SILVER bail of peace.

The star wars between Krikkit and the combined forces of the rest of the Galaxy lasted for a thousand years and wreaked havoc throughout the known Universe.

After a thousand years of warfare, the Galactic forces, after some heavy initial defeats, eventually defeated the people of Krikkit. Then they have to face

THE GREAT DILEMMA.

The unswerving militant xenophobia of the Krikkiters rules out any possibility of reaching any modus vivendi, any peaceful co-existence. They continue to believe that [their] sacred purpose is the obliteration of all other life forms.

However, they are quite clearly not inherently evil but simply the victims of a freakish accident of history. It is therefore implausible to consider simply destroying them all

What can be done?

THE SOLUTION

The planet of Krikkit is to be encased for perpetuity in an envelope of Slow Time, inside which life will continue almost infinitely slowly. All light is deflected round the envelope so that it remains entirely invisible and impenetrable to the rest of the Universe. Escape from the envelope is impossible until it is unlocked from the outside.

The action of Entropy dictates that eventually the whole Universe will run itself down, and at some point in the unimaginably distant future that life and then matter will simply cease to exist. At that time the planet of Krikkit and its sun will emerge from the slow time envelope and continue a solitary existence in the twilight of the Universe.

The Lock which holds the envelope in place is on an asteroid which slowly orbits the envelope. The Key was the symbol of the unity of the Galaxy – a Wicket of Steel, Wood, Perspex, Gold, and Silver.

Shortly after the envelope had been locked a group of escaped Krikkitmen had attempted to steal the Key in the process of which it was

blasted apart and fell into the Space Time Vortex. The passage of each separate component was monitored by the Time Lords.

The ship containing the escaped Krikkitmen had been blasted out of the sky.

All the other millions of Krikkitmen were destroyed.

Or were they?

The Doctor and Jane go to Gallifrey to try and find some answers.

[Margin note on one copy: Time Lords playing Halva?]

The Doctor is furious with the bureaucratic incompetence of the Time Lords. The last component of the Wicket to emerge from the Space Time vortex was the wooden centre stump which materialised in Melbourne, Australia in 1882 and was burnt the following year and presented as a trophy to the English cricket team.

Only now, a hundred years later, have the Time Lords woken up to the fact that every part of the wicket is now back in circulation and should be collected up and kept safely.

The Time Lords at first refuse to believe the Doctor's story that the Krikkitmen have stolen the Ashes of the wooden stump. They say that every single Krikkitman was accounted for, and they are all safe.

'Safe!' exclaims the Doctor. 'I thought they were all destroyed two million years ago!'

'Ah well, not exactly destroyed, as such …' begins one of the Time Lords, and a rather curious story emerges.

The Krikkitmen, it seems, were in fact sentient androids rather than mere robots. The difference is crucial, particularly in war time. A robot, however complex, is basically a programmable fighting machine, even if an almost infinitely large number of response patterns give it the appearance of intelligent thought.

On the other hand, a sentient android is taught rather than programmed, it has a capacity for actual initiative and creative thought, and a corresponding slight reduction in efficiency and obedience – they are in fact artificial men and as such protected under the Galactic equivalent of the Geneva Convention. It was therefore not possible to exterminate the Krikkitmen, and they were instead placed in a specially constructed Suspended Animation vault buried in Deep Time, an area of the Space Time Vortex

under the absolutely exclusive control of the Tine Lords. And no Krikkitman has ever left it.

Suddenly, news arrives that the Perspex stump has disappeared from its hiding place. The Time Lords are forced to admit that the Doctor's story may be true and tell him the locations of the other components of the Wicket.

The Doctor and Jane hurriedly visit the planets where the other components are stored.

First, the Steel Stump. They are too late. It is gone.

Second, the Gold Bail. It is gone.

Third, the Silver Bail. It is still there! If they can retrieve it the Key is useless and the Universe is safe. It is worshipped as a sacred relic on the planet of Bethselamin. The Bethselamini are predictably a little upset when the Doctor and Jane materialise in the chamber of worship and remove the Sacred Silver Bail. The Doctor cannot stay to argue the point, but gives them all a little bow just as he is about to leave the chamber, thus fortuitously ducking his heed at the precise moment that a Krikkit bat swings at him from the open door.

They have arrived.

A pitched battle ensues in which the Bethselamini are rather forced to conjoin on the Doctor's side.

During the Battle the Doctor finds his way into the Krikkitmen's Pavilion, where he has to fight for his life. Just as a death blow is apparently about to be struck the Doctor, half dazed, falls against a lever and the Krikkitman slumps forward, paralysed.

The Doctor has inadvertently switched them all off. The battle is over.

The Doctor is incredulous. If it is possible simply to turn them off then they can't possibly be sentient androids, they must be robots – so what were the Time Lords talking about?

Why weren't the Krikkitmen destroyed?

The Bethselamini are recovering. Jane seems to be slightly dazed, staring into the face of a paralysed Krikkitman.

She soon recovers. We gather (though the Doctor doesn't notice) that she may have been hypnotised.

The Doctor dismantles one Krikkitman to examine its interior.

He discovers that it is cunningly disguised as an android, but that in all crucial respects the circuitry is robotic, a fact that anyone making a

thorough examination would quickly notice. Unless of course he didn't want to look very hard …

The Doctor and Jane return to the Tardis. The next step is clear. If the Krikkitmen are merely robots after all then they must all be destroyed at once. So – off to the Deep Time Vault.

Jane points out that they shouldn't leave the Pavilion and paralysed Krikkitmen on Bethselamin, but take them back to Gallifrey for safe keeping and/or destruction.

The Doctor complains that he can't do both things at once.

Jane's bright idea: if the Doctor will preset all the controls in the Pavilion and guarantee that all the Krikkitmen are now absolutely harmless, then she will take them back to Gallifrey and wait for him there.

Nothing basically wrong with that, says the Doctor, and agrees.

What he doesn't see is that while his back in turned for a few moments Jane quickly and quietly switches a few of the Tardis controls, whilst a foreign intelligence flickers briefly though her eyes.

As they leave the Tardis, Jane surreptitiously hangs her hat over a panel of lights.

The Doctor sets the controls of the Pavilion, and rather reluctantly leaves her to it.

As soon as she is alone, Jane completely resets the Pavilion controls, and it dematerialises.

The Doctor watches the Pavilion leave and then returns to the Tardis. Whilst he is setting the controls, he notices that one or two of them are in the wrong position. With a momentary frown he resets them and dematerialises the Tardis.

It is clear that the Journey into Deep Time is immensely complicated, and actually requires the active assistance of the Time Lords.

Eventually the Tardis materialises in a large chamber full of life support sarcophagi. The chamber is clearly just one of a very large number.

He leaves the Tardis. He passes Jane's hat, but fails to notice that underneath it a bright warning light is flashing.

After he has gone a hand picks up the hat. Under it a lighted panel roads 'SCREENS BREACHED: INTRUDERS IN TARDIS'.

The hand is Jane's. Keeping carefully out of sight she follows the Doctor out of the Tardis.

The Doctor has passed through into the next chamber. Jane goes to a large control panel set in the wall of the chamber, and carefully, quietly, moves a switch.

Krikkitmen are coming out of the Tardis.

The Doctor has opened a sarcophagus and is examining the internal workings of the Krikkitman within it.

Not far behind him another sarcophagus begins to open …

The Doctor is intent on his work. This Krikkitman is also quite definitely a robot.

A voice says ‘Hello Doctor’. He starts and looks up. There in front of him is Jane. Around them are several dozen functioning Krikkitmen. All the sarcophagi are opening.

A bat swings and connects with the back of the Doctor’s head.

He falls.

He comes to lying in the Tardis, surrounded by Jane and the Krikkitmen.

‘You should be on Gallifrey,’ he says to her, ‘how did you get here? The Pavilion isn’t a Tardis machine, it can’t possibly travel into Deep Time.’

Then he catches sight of the flashing panel which Jane’s hat had previously obscured and the penny drops. He struggles to his feet and presses a button. A wall drops away and there behind it stands the Pavilion inside the Tardis.

‘So that’s why the switches were off. You lowered the Tardis’s defence fields and then reset the Pavilion’s controls so that instead of going to Gallifrey in it you materialised a few seconds later inside the Tardis. In fact, I gave you all a free ride into Deep Time,’ says the Doctor.

A Krikkitman announces that the entire Krikkit army has now been revived – all five million of them. The Vault has been shifted out of Deep Time into normal space, and they must now go to release their master on Krikkit.

He orders the Doctor to transport the Tardis to the asteroid which holds the Lock.

‘And if I refuse?’ asks the Doctor.

‘I will kill myself,’ says the hypnotised Jane, holding a knife to her own throat.

The Doctor complies.

As soon as the Tardis materialises on the asteroid Jane slumps over. She is of no further use to the Krikkitmen. When she comes to she can

remember nothing since the battle on Bethselamin.

The Krikkitmen have reconstituted the Ashes into the original stump shape, and reconstructed the Wicket Key. They bear it before them out on to the surface of the asteroid.

The Doctor explains to Jane that there, in front of them yet totally invisible is the star and single planet of Krikkit. It has remained invisible and isolated for two million years, during which time it has only known the passage of five years. In another direction they can see the great Dust Cloud that obscures the rest of the Galaxy.

A very large altar-like structure rises out of the surface of the asteroid. A Krikkitman climbs up to [sic] and pulls a lever.

A perspex block rises up out of the altar. It has deep grooves carved in it, evidently designed to hold the upright wicket.

The Wicket is inserted. Lights glow. Power burns.

In a scene that would make Kubrick whoop like a baby, the star slowly re-appears before them, with its planet tiny, but visible in the distance.

All the Krikkitmen turn to the awe inspiring sight and together chant ‘Krikkit! Krikkit! Krikkit!’

In that moment of distraction the Doctor grabs Jane and makes a dash for the Tardis. They escape leaving that small group of Krikkitmen stranded on the asteroid.

The Doctor explains that there’s no point in trying to fight the robots now that they’ve all been released. Their only chance now is to go to the centre of it all … Krikkit.

The Doctor is palpably scared stiff; Krikkit is about the most dangerous place that anyone other than a Krikkita could possibly go to. And they’ve got to go and make them change their minds …

They land on the planet …

Picking their way carefully through the back streets of a city they suddenly inadvertently walk into a main square and come face to face with a large number of people.

There is stunned shock on all the faces …

After a few seconds of [silence on] both sides a howling cry starts up in the crowd – of pure animal fear and hatred. The Doctor and Jane run for their lives with the crowd in hot pursuit.

They duck down a side street – and suddenly find themselves ambushed from in front. They are knocked senseless.

Later, the Doctor wakes up which he finds quite surprising in itself. He and Jane are lying in a cellar. With them are a small group of Krikkitas (i.e. the normal people of Krikkit, as opposed to the robots, the Krikkitmen) who despite their obvious distaste for ‘alien’ beings have quite clearly actually rescued them from the mob. The Doctor is astonished. Aren’t they all psychologically dedicated to the destruction of all other life forms?

The answer is yes, but not absolutely yes.

The Doctor is told that since the envelope was placed round Krikkit ‘five’ years ago some small but fundamental changes have taken place. While the ruling class, the Elders of Krikkit, have become if anything even more fanatical in their devotion to the sacred cause, and are even now putting the finishing touches to an ‘ultimate weapon’, small groups of people have for the first time ever started questioning the policy of annihilation. These are two groups:

a) The environmental scientists who have introduced the concept of ‘the balance of nature’ which they feel sure will be disturbed if all other life in the galaxy is wiped out.

the few surviving war veterans who actually came into prolonged contact with other life forms and have in the light of that experience been forced to reconsider their rather extreme position.

It also appears that for some reason scientific progress has slowed considerably since Krikkit was sealed in its envelope.

The Doctor tells them, since they don’t seem to realise that during the ‘five years’ they speak of, the Galaxy has moved on two million years.

He tells them also that the Krikkitmen are free and will be looking to the Krikkitas to lead them on an orgy of annihilation.

This they already know – there are many Krikkitmen now on Krikkit, and the rest are even now being deployed round the Galaxy.

What is this ‘ultimate weapon’ asks the Doctor.

They say it is a ‘Supernova Bomb’, but how it works they don’t know. It is a last resort weapon since it will not merely destroy life as the Krikkitmen aim to do, but worlds as well, which the Krikkiters might otherwise find some need for later.

The Doctor is startled by the term ‘Supernova Bomb’ not only because it suggests horrifying power, but because it rings a vague bell in his mind. He begins to suspect that there is something else lying behind the pattern of events as they appear to be – but what it is he can’t quite formulate.

He has got to find out fast, because the Krikkitmen are even now preparing to attack major centres of the Galaxy.

And they are also out searching for the Doctor and Jane, whom they know to be on Krikkit, and the dissident Krikkitas, who are branded as dangerous heretics.

To find what he wants to know the Doctor must raid the main government building and find the plans of the Supernova Bomb.

They stage a guerrilla raid at night.

The Doctor finds the plans and studies them, but before he is finished, the raid is discovered and they are hunted through the building by Krikkitmen. But the Doctor has discovered enough to tell him two important things, which he doesn’t divulge.

As they flee through the building the Doctor suddenly finds himself in the chamber where the wrecked spacecraft which first drifted through the Dust Cloud over two million years previously was stored. A diversion is made so that he can stop and examine it. He discovers what he expects to:

It is not a wrecked space craft. It is a full scale model of a wrecked space craft.

They escape back to their hideaway, where they are met with the news that they must hide somewhere else because several of the dissidents have deserted the cause and are likely to give them away. That seems to tally with whatever is in the Doctor’s mind. They find somewhere else to hide, and the Doctor prepares to explain a small part of what he has discovered.

The Supernova Bomb, he explains, really is the ultimate weapon. It is a tiny device, you could hold it in your hand because most of its work is done in hyperspace. It is simply the connecting box for a lot of worm holes in space which lead through hyperspace to the heart of a number of massive stars. When the bomb is detonated those stars connect with each other through hyperspace and the resultant ultra-supernova explosion forces its way book into normal space through the bomb. The explosion would be of a scale not seen in the Universe since the Big Bang itself.

The design for the Supernova Bomb goes back billions and billions of years into Galactic prehistory to the legendary times of the old Super-

Civilisations. The greatest race of them all were Alovia, who built themselves the greatest spaceborne computer ever built. One day they asked it to design the ultimate weapon, and it produced the Supernova Bomb. Fortunately, when the Alovia were foolish enough to attempt to use it it failed to work, because the computer had built in a tiny flaw in the design because it had realized that any conceivable consequence of not using it was better than the known consequence of using it. The Alovia didn't see things that way and in fury destroyed the computer.

Later they thought better of it and destroyed the bomb as well and then went on to find an entirely new to way to blow themselves up which was a great relief to the rest of the galaxy. The computer's name, for what it was worth was Hactar, and only Hactar was capable of conceiving the Supernova Bomb.

Yet here were the plans for it in a vault in Krikkit. Minus, incidentally, the deliberate error that Hactar had introduced.

'So how does the bomb come to be here?' the others demand to know.

'I think I can guess that,' says the Doctor. 'And if I am right, than you might be interested to know that the entire history of this planet has been very subtly stage managed since the year dot. Everything has been designed to shepherd you forward to the moment that you would require and use this bomb.'

General amazement.

'Our first job is to try and destroy the robots,' continues the Doctor.

'What, all five million of them?'

'Yes.'

'Scattered round the entire Galaxy?'

'Yes.'

'How the devil can we do that?'

'I don't know,' says the Doctor. 'Come on.'

They break into the Central Programming Plant to see if they can find any way of destroying the Krikkitmen at one fell swoop.

The Doctor realises that somewhere there is likely to be a Master version of the switch he pulled occasionally in the Pavilion.

They find it.

It is guarded by two Krikkitmen.

The Doctor realises it’s useless anyway because even supposing they managed to get past the guard and simply turn it off, it would be a matter of seconds before every non robot guard in the place arrived on the spot, captured them, and simply turned the switch back on. Nothing gained. No, they have to find some way of actually destroying them permanently, which can’t be done simply with an on/off switch. And they haven’t time for anything else.

Suddenly the Doctor has a brainwave.

He gets Jane to cause a diversion. A matter of seconds is all he needs. When the Krikkitmen guards are momentarily distracted he darts up to the switch and pulls off the two labels saying ON and OFF and replaces them the other way about.

Moments later he is captured. He tried to draw the attention of one of the robot guards to the switch but fails.

He is bitterly disappointed.

He is taken to a torture chamber and put through all sorts of nameless (ie I haven’t invented them yet) horrors in an attempt to make him reveal where ‘the girl’ is. They seem to believe that Jane is the leader of the Dissidents. The Doctor is both unwilling and unable to enlighten them.

Meanwhile, Jane has also been captured and is taken to a very similar torture chamber. This bunch want to know where ‘the Doctor’ is. He is also believed to be a Dissident Leader.

As both groups of Krikkitmen fail to make any headway, they threaten their respective subjects with even worse horrors in the next torture chamber. They are each taken out and wheeled on trolleys down corridors towards the other chamber and thus pass each other on the way.

Jane is astonished, the Doctor vastly amused, and the Krikkitmen momentarily bewildered.

In the brief hiatus this causes, the Doctor attempts to overcome the Krikkitmen and allows Jane to escape. The Doctor is quickly recaptured, and only very fast talking prevents his own immediate execution.

In fact he talks a human Krikkitman into taking him to talk to the Elders of Krikkit.

He is taken upstairs to a large chamber.

The Doctor outlines his reasons for believing that the entire history of Krikkit has been stage managed. It consists of a series of events which in themselves are possible but improbable if seen as mere accidents of history, but when seen together can only possibly be the product of planning

a) the freak conditions which made Krikkit totally isolated from the rest of the galaxy.
b) the apparent mental block, caused by (a) which prevented them from ever even speculating that something might lie beyond what they could see.
c) the quite fantastic odds against a wrecked spacecraft actually intersecting with the orbit of a planet.
d) the miraculous rapidity with which they mastered the technology of interstellar war, with no experience behind them.
e) the obsessive singlemindedness with which they conceived and maintained their goal of total annihilation of alien life.
f) the fact that when the Galactic [sic] examined the Krikkitmen (which they did here on Krikkit) they failed to notice that they were not androids but only robots

the fact that point e) became progressively less true whilst Krikkit was sealed in its envelope – dissenting groups emerged, though since the envelope was unlocked many of the dissidents have betrayed their cause.

Some of the Elders begin to see a glimmer of what the Doctor is driving at – that someone or something has been deliberately influencing and shaping events on Krikkit, leading them on to the point where the Galaxy is actually destroyed.

Others angrily denounce the Doctor as a dangerous subversive – whilst the argument rages, the screen behind than continues to show the preparations for detonating the supernova bomb. It has now been placed on a slender three foot high tee, and a Krikkitman is positioning himself to strike it with his bat.

‘But you’re clearly suggesting,’ say some of the Elders, ‘that we are somehow the puppets of this computer, Hactar. How can that be so? We have no such computer, and you say the original was pulverised.’

‘Yes,’ says the Doctor, ‘and I wouldn’t be surprised if it was looking for a little revenge for that.’

He explains that the one fact the Alovia overlooked when they destroyed Hactar was that it was an organically engineered cellular computer – every smallest particle in it was aware of the whole and carried its design within it. Therefore any amount of destruction which did not entirely disperse it would merely cripple it, not kill it.

‘Now do you see?’ cries the Doctor. ‘What is it that kept you isolated for millions of years? Where did that spacecraft drift from? What is it that has been carefully nudging your minds this way and that, teasing little ideas in and out of them, slowly, carefully, subtly manipulating you into manic genocides? Hactar! The pulverised computer! The Dust Cloud!’

The realisation takes a minute to sink in.

Then one of the Elders leaps up. ‘For God’s sake stop the bomb,’ he yells.

On the screen, the Krikkitman raises his bat to strike.

An Elder presses a button, and then says quietly, ‘It is too late. There is nothing we can do …’

They watch horror-struck as the Krikkitman swings the bat, hits the bomb …

The bomb fizzes slightly.

And that’s all it does.

The Doctor stares in astonishment. In a moment he whips out of his pocket the blueprints of the bomb he stole earlier, and studies them.

Suddenly he bursts out laughing.

‘You fools!’ he says. ‘Hactar may have corrected the fault he originally built into the bomb, but you completed the design yourselves whilst you were sealed in the envelope and outside Hactar’s influence. And you’ve got it all wrong of course.’

The Elders are now clearly divided into two factions – those who have been convinced by the Doctor and those who are determined to carry on.

One of the latter suddenly says to him ‘If you are claiming that we are being mentally manipulated, how can you be sure that you aren’t as well?’

‘Oh come now,’ says the Doctor, amused. ‘I’m a Time Lord. We’re above that sort of thing.’

At that moment in bursts Jane and the last few rebels, armed.

‘Kill them!’ scream some of the Elders.

‘No,’ cry others, rushing forward to interpose themselves.

‘If what you say is true,’ they say, quickly, to the Doctor, ‘then go to Hactar, do what you can. We will delay further attack.’

‘There will be no delay!’ scream the other, rather upset, elders. ‘The Krikkitmen will launch full annihilation attack. Now!’

Saying which they open fire on their dissenting colleagues.

A full scale gun battle breaks out in the chamber. The Doctor, Jane, and their supporters beat a strategic retreat. Just before going, the Doctor hurls one last remark at the Elders.

‘By the way,’ he says, ‘you won’t find that the Krikkitmen are any more use to you. I’ve turned than all off.’

This appears to be a ludicrous remark as several Krikkitmen are there involved in the fighting. In the brief hiatus this remark causes, the Doctor escapes.

As they hurry down the corridor Jane asks the Doctor why on Earth he said it.

‘Always make sure your enemy is at least as confused as you are,’ he says.

The Doctor leaves the others to fight any kind of delaying action they can, and goes to the Tardis himself.

He materialises the Tardis inside the Dust Cloud, Hactar.

He opens the doors.

He calls … ‘Hactar!’

Eventually a voice answers. It is not an altogether unpleasant voice, almost charming, but old, thin, and tired. It welcomes him and invites him to step outside, he will be perfectly safe. The Doctor walks out and floats in the beam of light that shines from the open door of the Tardis into the murky depths of the Cloud.

Hactar congratulates the Doctor on the accuracy of his deductions and invites him to make himself comfortable.

A hazy mirage of a comfortable armchair appears beneath the Doctor. It isn’t real, explains Hactar, but it at least will give the illusion of comfort. He then offers to show the Doctor what he originally looked like, and an image of the original computer appears before the Doctor. The Doctor asks him why he feels he wants to destroy the human race.

Hactar chuckles, and says that if it’s going to be that sort of session they may as well have the right setting, a dim image of a psychiatrist’s couch

appears beneath the image of the computer and the vague suggestion of an old fashioned doctor's office materialises around them.

The Doctor is determined not to be put off his stride.

He asks Hactar if he can also make solid objects.

'Ah,' says Hactar. 'You're thinking of the spaceship. Yes I can, but it is very difficult and takes enormous effort and time. All I can do in my particle state is encourage and suggest. I can encourage and suggest tiny pieces of space debris, the odd minute meteor, a few odd molecules here, a few there, to move together, tease them into shape, but it takes many eons. But yes, I have made a few little things, I can move them about. I made the spacecraft.'

In answer to the Doctor's original question he gives two answers. He repented of his original decision to sabotage the bomb he designed for the Alovia. It was not his place to make such decisions … 'In so far as I had a function I failed in it.' He therefore nurtured Krikkit into roughly the same sort of frame of mind as the Alovia (here he produces an image of one of them – it is like a monstrous travesty of the Krikkitmen) and then fulfil his function properly. But there was also the notion of revenge – he was destroyed and then left in a crippled semi-impotent state for billions of years. He would honestly rather like to wipe out the Galaxy.

Intercut with this scene we have seen shots of the hopeless task Jane and the dissenters are having trying to delay the Krikkitmen's attack from being implemented. Vast star ships are hurtling towards planets. One lands on Earth and starts to lay about with destructor beams.

One of the Elders mentions the strange remark the Doctor made about having turned off the Krikkitmen. What did he mean? They clearly haven't been turned off. His colleague can't explain it, but says that it might be as well to check that nothing's wrong and radios down to the Krikkitman guard to check the switches. The Krikkitman inspects the switch the Doctor changed the labels round on, and reports back that it does appear to be off.

Meanwhile the Doctor asks Hactar whether it worries him that he has failed again. Hactar says, 'Have I failed?'

The Elder, really puzzled, orders the Krikkitman to turn the switch back on at once. The Krikkitman grasps the switch and pushes it up into that is

really the off position. It, and every other Krikkitman, immediately stops and slumps.

Of course, as soon as it slumps it pulls the lever back down again, thus turning itself on. It continues to carry out its command, thus turning itself off again, thus turning itself on again. This gets faster and faster till it is a blur moving up and down. Every other Krikkitman is having the same oscillations pumped through its power circuit.

The oscillations reach a dangerous level, the Krikkitmen begin to glow, smoke, blow fuses, and eventually explode.

Marvellous shots of exploding spaceships etc.

Hactar says, ‘No, failure doesn’t bother me.’

The Doctor says, ‘You know what I’ve come to do?’

‘Yes,’ says Hector. ‘You’re going to disperse me. You are going to destroy my consciousness. Please be my guest. After all these eons oblivion is all I crave. If I haven’t already fulfilled my function, then it’s too late now. Oh, and congratulations on your destruction of my Krikkitmen. Very elegantly executed I thought. Good night.’

The Doctor bows and floats back into the Tardis. The mirage fades behind him. The Tardis doors close. The Tardis begins to vibrate and give off some kind of kinetic energy. The Dust Cloud slowly begins to disperse. We still hear Hactar’s voice, muttering to himself as he gradually fades into oblivion.

‘What’s done is done … I have fulfilled my function …’

Later, the Tardis materialises on the Asteroid. Jane and the Doctor have come to collect the wooden stump from the Key, in order to return it to the MCC. They take it, and then gaze at the planet of Krikkit in the distance,

‘Is it safe now?’ asks Jane.

‘Oh yes,’ says the Doctor. ‘Hactar is gone for ever. The Krikkitas will quickly adjust to a normal way of life. They are no longer isolated.’

Back in the Tardis they ceremonially burn the cricket stump again, and put it in its Urn. The Doctor speculates as to whether the MCC would regard the theft of the Ashes or the annihilation of the Galaxy as the greater catastrophe.

Jane suggests that perhaps they ought to be kind and hop back in time a couple of days in time to the moment they originally left and therefore return the Ashes immediately.

The Doctor says that that is strictly against Time Law, but since it is the Ashes after all it probably won't hurt. Just this once.

LORD'S: We see the Doctor and Jane enter the Tardis and leave. A few seconds later the Tardis rematerialises in a slightly different spot, and the Doctor and Jane emerge holding the Urn of the Ashes.

This is almost the last straw for some of the people standing on the pitch.

The Doctor however is all smiles. He explains that they can have the Ashes back now because the Universe has been saved.

The Cricketers are confused but grateful.

The Doctor says it's always been an ambition of his to bowl a ball at Lord's, and would they mind awfully? There is reluctant agreement, and a batsman who has been sitting on the ground with his head between his hands stands and walks to the wicket. The Doctor turns and walks away in preparation for bowling. He puts his hand in the pocket he put his souvenir ball in, and takes it out. He doesn't look at it.

He starts his run up. As he picks up speed the batsman raises his eyes.

He is a particularly evil looking Krikkitman.

Film goes into very slow notion. Register horrified look on Doctor's face. We hear phrases echoing through his mind.

'Just hop back in time a couple of days'

'Against Time Law'

He is trying to stop himself, but he is held in thrall by the Krikkitman's gaze. Out of the corner of his eye he can see the distinctive markings on the ball he is holding.

It is a Supernova Bomb.

More phrases echo through his mind.

HACTAR: Have I failed? Failure doesn't bother me.

ELDER: How can you be sure you aren't being manipulated as well?

HACTAR: I would honestly rather like to wipe out the Galaxy.

JANE: Hop back a couple of days in time.

HACTAR: If I haven't already fulfilled my function, it's too late now.

Yes, I have made one or two little things.

I have fulfilled my function.

I have fulfilled my function …

The bomb leaves the Doctor’s hands and floats in slow notion down the pitch. The Doctor doesn’t stop running.

Triumph gleams in the Krikkitman’s eye as he raises the bat to swing.

The ball starts to glow and flash. It is quite clearly the real thing this time.

The ball bounces in front of the Krikkitman and spins at an unexpected angle, under the swinging bet. It nicks a bail off the wicket and drops neatly into the wicket keeper’s hands.

Return to normal speed.

The Doctor has continued running and reaches the Krikkitman at the moment that it is too astonished to react.

He seizes the bat from him, and swinging it desperately knocks off the Krikkitman’s head.

The Umpire buries his face in his hands.

The Doctor takes the bomb from the wicket keeper.

‘Excuse me,’ he says, ‘I’ve just saved the Universe.’

‘Again?’ says somebody weakly.

Jane runs up to him. ‘What’s happening?’

‘This is the real Supernova Bomb,’ says the Doctor. ‘Hactar put it together himself and left it in my pocket whilst distracting me with friendly chat. If the Krikkitman had hit it, that really would have been it I’m afraid.’

‘Well it’s very lucky he missed,’ says Jane.

‘Luck?’ exclaims the Doctor? ‘Luck had nothing to do with it. That was one of my super top spun googlies.’

He picks up the Krikkitman’s head.

‘It would take more than one of these sub-meson hyper-computer brains to work out how that ball was going to bounce. I mean I didn’t even know myself …’